A WORD TO THE WISE.

A POETICAL FARCE,

Moſt reſpectfully addreſſed to the

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

By T. UNDERWOOD,
Late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge;
Author of the IMPARTIALIST, LIBERTY, &c. &c.

WITH

An Apology to the *Ingenuity* of Mr. HUGH KELLY, for the Title of the Piece.

——*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?——

HORACE.

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M DCC LXX.

THE
APOLOGY
ADDRESSED TO
MR. HUGH KELLY.

"WHEN fiery Comets from on high
Brandiſh their Treſſes in the Sky,"
Aſtoniſh'd Mortals trembling view,
Dread the Event—ſo ſtrangely new.
Thus, when a Bard of SHAKESPEARE's Ray,
(The KELLY of the *preſent Day*)
Shines, with that *vaſt dramatic* Fire,
Superior to each *modern* Eſquire *
Invidious Fear——Heart-ſpringing Rage,
The *Gnatlings* of the Times engage;
Malice invents *a Thouſand Lies*,
Detraction, all her *Fund ſupplies*.

* A Title *frequently aſſumed* by many of the preſent Writers.

APOLOGY.

To fill the Cup of foul Diſgrace,
They whiſper, KELLY *holds a Place*,
Supports the *miniſterial Plan*,
In his *own* LEDGER—*lo! their Man*——

Injurious Spite—'tis Envy's Boaſt
To cenſure——where ſhe *honours* moſt——
—But what of this?—Your *lib'ral Soul*,
Deſpiſing ev'ry *mean Control*,
Laughs at the *rude, licentious Times*,
Perhaps may ſmile—at theſe poor Rhimes——

Forgive *(at leaſt)* ILLUSTRIOUS BARD!
This Tribute——of my *beſt Regard*,
'Tis *Gratitude*——for *Favours ſhown*,
To *Gratitude* I'm ever known;

Merit,

APOLOGY.

Merit of *ev'ry Kind* I love *,

Exalted Worth——*like yours muſt prove*,

The *Boaſt*——the *Triumph* of the Age!

Thou very——CROMWELL of the Stage.

May length of Years——increaſing Fame,

Conſpire, to ſwell——your *deathleſs Name.*

And——*(if you'll grant* one *Sprig of Bays,)*

Long may you live——in theſe *juſt Lays.*

* The Lines upon your *Falſe-Delicacy* in my Volume are my Witneſs.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamilton——General—— *(Vulgò* a Publiſher.)
Guthrie, Captain.
Robertſon, Lieutenant.
Thompſon, Enſign.

Mungo—— The General's *Devil.*

Scene of Action——Falcon-Court——Fleet-ſtreet.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE Stricken Deer per Force muſt weep,
An Eye of Care admits not Sleep,
When anxious Fear—perplexing Doubt,
Compel the Mind—to rove about;
The downy Pillow ſeems a Stone,
And the worſt State—to be alone.

Thus harraſs'd—with Himſelf at Strife,
(No Comfort in his loving Wife)
Our GENERAL—in haſte aroſe,
Impatient—huddl'd on his Cloaths,
Calls for his *Mungo*—truſty Slave,
Who ſerves him—ſecret—as the Grave:
"*Mungo*, advance"—in lordly Note,
Extemp're, thus—in Troth by Rote *:

Soon as the Morn, in Ruſſet clad,
And Sol *reviews*, the Good—and Bad,

* Extemporalis factus eſt meus Rhetor
Calphurnium non *ſcripſit*—at *ſalutavit*. MARTIAL.

Haſte

Haſte thee, with feather'd Speed, convey
My Orders—for the coming Day;
Command my *Caledonian* Band,
You know 'em all—their ev'ry Stand,
Whether in Garret—mounted high,
Or, grov'ling, in a Cellar lie—
Bid 'em repair—in Council meet,
Of high Concerns—I mean to treat;
No common Theme.—Our kingly State,
Though late ſo noble, firm, and great,
Shakes from its Baſis—and I dread
Th' impending Ruin—on my Head.—
But why this waſte of Senſe on thee?
Slaves muſt obey—ſuffice—I'm free.

The Thund'rer ſpoke—like Jove of old,
As oft in Pagan-ſtory told,
Whoſe Nod imperial ſhook the Sky,
And Gods, with trembling, down-caſt Eye,
Aſtoniſh'd, paus'd.—Thus chill'd with Awe,
Obedient to his Ruler's Law,
The pliant *Mungo* took to Heel,
'Twas his to execute——or feel.

Suppoſe the truſty Slave's Return,
Who thus his Lord accoſts in Turn:——

Your Orders I've fulfill'd with Care,
And at the Hour, with *duteous* Ear,

Your loyal Clan will hither ſpeed,
I told 'em——'twas on *preſſing Need.*——

Enough! enough!——Their Treat prepare
Stale Bread, *ſome* Cheeſe, and *Trueman*'s Beer,
Let's ſee——It wants an Hour,—or more;
Mungo, attend the Call of Door,
Conduct 'em to the uſual Pit,
Next to myſelf, let *Guthrie* ſit.

He finiſh'd——and with Look profound,
Retreating, fix'd his Eye to Ground,
With all that ſolemn Pedant-air
Which Gravity affects to wear.

At Council-time—anon—you'll find
With what *Catonic* Force of Mind——
MANSFIELD himſelf 's with Envy blind——
But why anticipate his Praiſe?
From his *own* Mouth—in *nervous Phraſe*,
You'll hear, and muſt approve the Man,
Deny his Merit, if you can.———

Soft at the Door,—a Rap *preciſe*,
How *critical*——ſo *timely* nice,
And now the Tread of Foot I hear,
Their *Vet'ran Chief* he *ſnails* the Stair:
Not Age alone——by Learning moſt,
He's render'd—ſapleſs, as a Poſt——

"The Hero comes"——ſound, ſound the Lyre,
O! for a Muſe, a Muſe of Fire!
To hail his *laurell'd*, *penſion'd* Brow,
He's got the Sop, no Matter how.——
Conceive his *Dignity*——and *Weight*,
His *very Silence* props——the State.——
Behold, with what Majeſtic Air
He takes his Place——the *ſecond Chair*.
Oh!——galling to his madd'ning Brain,
Shall *Hamilton* o'er *Guthrie* reign?

A ſecond Knock——and to the View,
In all the Pomp of *Rev'rend Hue*,

Lo!

Lo! *Robertſon* the Sage appears,
In Learning—(not ſo full of Years)
He *nearly* equals *Guthrie's* Name,
Aſpires to rival his *vaſt Fame!*
Obſerve, with what a courteous Grace,
(Depicted ſtrongly in his Face)
He greets, *ſincerely* greets, his Brother——
But Harpies prey on one another.

In theſe *refin'd*, *enlighten'd* Days,
The only Path to *letter'd* Praiſe,
With *jaundic'd* Eye and Heart of Gall
Diſſect at large,——a tilt at all,

Though

Though Modeſty, with Worth combin'd,
Should ſtamp Conviction on the Mind,
'Tis *Weakneſs*—*Folly* to admit,
And *muſt* impeach—your Judgment—Wit,
To give Deſert—its Tribute due,
The *Spleen-ſtruck* KELLY* feels it true,
A noble Track!——Go on!—purſue!
What Marvel then—ſince this the Mode,
(And few but travel Faſhion's Road)

* This *matcheſs Genius* is deſired to *remind* himſelf of the abuſive Treatment which the Author received from him ſome Months ago; Mr. U. *would* have *publicly* called upon him to have *defended* it, but found, upon *frequent Application* to get a Letter addreſſed *to Mr. Kelly* in the News-papers, that his *ſuperior Influence* (which is ſtill very prevalent) defeated all Mr. U.'s Endeavours to effect it.——*Sorry—aut ejtiàs.*

That *Robertſon* ſhould *Guthrie* hate,
And envy thus——his higher State?
Connected in the *ſame Deſign*———
You'd think, they muſt——*for ever join*,
Far otherwiſe, like Beaſts of Prey,
If nought but Carrion ſelf's in Way,
Themſelves, with *Quinly Goût*, they'd eat,
And glory in the ſavage Treat.———

The noble Pair expecting ſat,
Without a Word of ſocial Chat,
For him who firſt the Offer made,
To hold Diſcourſe, it would *degrade*.

All

All ſilent then—but deep in Thought,
Divining of the Cauſe, which brought——
What mighty Subject!——the Intent——
Why ſuch a haſty Mandate ſent!——

Behold the *Babylonian* Blade *,
Thompſon, well vers'd in *Adam's Trade* †,
Came ſtalking up—his Brothers greeted.——
Thus—the Triumvirate completed——

To keep his hireling Slaves in Awe,
(So abſolute——his Will is Law)

* This *Seer* wrote againſt Free-maſonry; in which Treatiſe, he very *beautifully* termed that Order the WHORE OF BABYLON.
† Gardening.

A pre-

A proper Interval expires,
For ſo the Farce of State requires,
Before, reveal'd——to crown their Fame
The Lord—their ſtern Dictator came.——

Impatient for the riſing Sun,
Like Indians who to worſhip run,
With zealous Eye——attentive Ear——
The wiſh of each——Appear! Appear!

The Mountain teems,—What monſtrous Birth!
Protect th' Inhabitants of Earth,
Ye pitying Gods!——Spare your ſurpriſe,
Obſerve——nay look with ſteady Eyes,

A pigmy

A pigmy Mouſe——no more——no more,

Pompoſo Hamilton's at Door.——

What Condeſcenſion!——Sure I dream,
The like before was never ſeen,
Yes——as I live, a Smile ſerene;
And ſee——as paſſing to his Chair,
He deigns to bow——with placid Air——
By Pharoah's Foot——'tis wondrous odd——
But even *Jove*, that Firſt-rate God,
When, to amuſe, *or ſerve a Turn*,
With that *familiar Grace* cou'd burn,
So meek——ſo humble in Attire,
Diſcarding all his Godſhip's Fire,

In ruſtic Form, a Shepherd's Trim,
Cou'd viſit Earth——juſt for the Whim.
Thus, if th' Alluſion you'll admit,
(Are Similies a Proof of Wit?)
Pompoſo, having inward Fear,
A Point to ſerve——his anxious Care,
With this ſleek Policy array'd,
The very Cunning of his Trade,
Deſign'd, to prepoſſeſs their Mind,
To aid——complete what he deſign'd.——

Suppoſe him ſeated on his Throne,
The Guards withdrawn——themſelves alone,

Thrice

Thrice he eſſay'd,——and thrice his Tongue,
(Albeit with ſweeteſt Muſic hung)
Thrice did that flippant Member fail,
Corroding Fears his Heart aſſail,
At length *his* foſt'ring God of Wit*,
Hov'ring unſeen——above the Pit,
Touch'd gently—with his magic Wand,
Diſſolv'd, at once, the painful Band.——

" My worthy Clan—right learned Men,
From whoſe ſagacious ſkilful Pen,
Such golden Harveſt have I known,
With *preſent* Gratitude I own,

* MERCURY.

Such

Such *Monthly* Benefit in Store,
That all acknowledgments are poor:
How muſt it then diſtract my Soul,
To think—to feel—our vaſt Controul,
Our Pow'r, ſo abſolute of late,
Deſpotic——in the *letter'd State*,
How muſt it grieve——afflict——diſmay,
To ſee our Kingdom paſs——away,
Its Influence fade, from Day to Day——
Rebellious times!——ill-omen'd Race!
Where, in the preſent ſhall we trace
The leaſt Remains of Virtue paſt?
And Gratitude's a fleeting Blaſt,

How

How ſhall I tell!——what Form of Speech!
The Sorrow of my Heart can reach?
For know, my *Caledonian* Band,
Our Diſſolution's near at hand;
A Spirit, obſtinate in Ill,
Which dares oppoſe your——utmoſt Skill,
Has ſpread Contagion far and wide——
Nor will it ſuffer, to preſide,
Your *poliſh'd* Labours——or admit
Yourſelves——ſole arbiters of Wit——
The Public——or a factious Crew,
Who late implicit bow'd to You,
Confeſs'd no Judgment of their own,
But all Submiſſion to your Crown,

Now, (by that Demon, *Common Senſe*,
To which they madly feign Pretence)
Declare——reſolve——by Reaſon's Aid,
They'll quite extirpate this ſweet Trade;
Judge for 'emſelves——nor longer wear
Thoſe Chains——which Nature cannot bear——
Preſumptuous!——Infamy of Thought!——
Deteſted Fiend!—by Malice wrought!——
What!—Can they—frantic in their Rage,
(Oh! 'tis a baſe licentious Age!)
Pull down, with ſacrilegious Hands,
Their Idol?——break thoſe ſocial Bands,
Which long upheld our fair Domain,
Muſt WE, alas! no longer reign?

But,

But, like the wretched ſcribbling Crew,
(Death to your Fame—my Int'reſt too)
Neglected paſs——Farewell—REVIEW——

Farewell—to all my flatt'ring Dreams,
Contented with my *little Means*,
Muſt I then live a *common* Life,
Adieu th' Ambition of my Wife,
No more, dear *Bet*, in Converſe treat,
Of Carriage, and your Country-ſeat,
Far otherwiſe the Gods decree,
And this *poor Court* *—is all for ME——

" But why this Waſte of fruitleſs Grief,
From You—From You I hope Relief:

* Falcon Court, Fleet Street.

The Times demand your ev'ry ſkill,
The utmoſt Efforts of your Quill,
For this Intent——to plan—contrive,
And keep our glimm'ring Lamp alive,
My Summons——to attend me here."

—Our Thanks await—your early Care.

" *Guthrie*, our Chief—right-worthy Sage,
Thou Boaſt!—and Wonder of the Age!
Your Sentiments—the firſt propoſe;
And—if I ſhou'd incline to doſe,
I grant Permit—tread on my Toes."

He

He ceas'd.——With ſelf-important Look,
Each Muſcle—titl'd as a Book,
Guthrie aroſe, thrice ſtrok'd his Chin,
Then condeſcended——to begin.

" Sir *Manager*, with patient Ears,
Your Grievances—and threat'ning Fears,
I've mark'd—the Cauſe—deplore the Times,
Pregnant indeed, with baneful Crimes!
Whether of State-affairs we treat,
Or *Letters*, our *peculiar Seat*,
Alarming both.——To what Degree,
Under that *ſpecious*, thread-bare Plea

Of Freedom, have we dar'd to riſe?
Oh! monſtrous! to what Giant-ſize,
Does Inſolence erect her Creſt,
With ſcorpions, dares aſſail that Breaſt,
Where Love and Honeſty conſpire,
With all a Father's fond Deſire,
To ſhed continual Bleſſings down,
Thou *Beſt*, *Great Man*—without a Crown——
What Scandal then—unheard before,
(May ſuch a curſe return no more)
That an Aſſaſſin's poiſonous Hand
Shou'd ſcatter Diſcord o'er the Land?
With fell Contempt, preſume to tread,
Inſulting, on a Monarch's Head?

Treat

Treat Majeſty with public Scorn,——

A JUNIUS winds Sedition's Horn——

Apoſtate Wretch!—his Parts confeſs'd,

Can theſe *alone* inſure you bleſs'd?

Th' intrinſic Merit—doubtleſs lies

In the *juſt Uſe*—if *good*—then *wiſe*——

But whither leads my *honeſt Zeal*,

So much for *England*'s Peace I feel,

All other Cares are mean, and light,

As larger Objects fix the Sight.

——Now, to return, with prudent Skill

Inveſtigate the Cauſe of Ill,

Or, otherwiſe, we muſt ſuſtain

Effects of Courſe.——The Body's Pain,

Not HEBERDEN can put to Flight,
Unleſs he knows the Seat a-right.
——But to the Cauſe—What can it be?
We're loſing Ground——that's plain to ME;
Our boaſted Labours ſtrangely fall——
Anon—we ſha'nt be read at all,
A Drug——at ev'ry *Penny Stall*——
What may occaſion this Neglect?——
Why treated thus with Diſreſpect?——
I have it——or *in Part*, I'm ſure,
The Grievance firſt——and eke the Cure,
Our *Monthly Rivals* plainly ſhow*,
And what we *feel*, we can't but know.

* The Advertiſement affixed to the laſt *Monthly Review*, for *February*, 1770.

In

In their *own Style*——they bring a Charge
('Gainſt Bookſellers and Pubs * at large)
Of Treaſon——'gainſt their letter'd State,
Denounce ſuch Vengeance——Turk-like Hate,
If for the future they profane——
Preſume to take their *Names* in vain——

'Tis well-reſolv'd——a wiſe Decree,
We ſhou'd ſupport our Dignity,
Not ſuffer ev'ry paltry Elf,
For dirty Lucre——to himſelf,
To fix our Patent-zeal of Worth,
On *Mongrel-works*,——mere *Grubſtreet* birth,

* *Pro* Publiſhers.

Our *Fiat*——either damns——or ſaves,
But take it from ourſelves——Ye Knaves!
Or know———'tis at your Peril left,
Deſiſt———forbear——indeed you'd beſt.

———Thanks to theſe *Monthly* Worthies then,
Who wield (like us) the *ſecret Pen*,
This Forg'ry to the public Light
Detected—ſets their Credit right,
We too——by their Example led,
May check this growing Evil's Head,
An EDICT—of the like Import,
Muſt iſſue from our learned Court,

The

The ſame licentious——venal Crew,
Have oft attack'd our *Province* too,
And as the Sons of GALEN ſay,
Meet a Diſorder in its Way *,
In Time apply Prevention's Balm,
Thus you'll eſcape *a World* of *Harm*,
—Still may we hold ſuperior Rule,
And laugh at ev'ry *ſelf-wiſe* Fool.
Remember, Sirs, 'tis *my Advice*.
Promulge this EDICT in a trice,
Let our next *critical Eſſay*,
Announce it to the Blaze of Day,

* *Venienti occurrite morbo.*

Yet

—Yet further——if you wiſh to thrive,—
Our drooping Credit to revive—
In juſtice—yes, *Sir Chief*, I'll ſpeak,
Tho' Rage ſhou'd blanch your fading Cheek
You ought—you muſt advance—" How!—What!
Beware—no more—thou factious Scot."
(The *Gen'ral* ſtorms)—bold—like a Man
I'll freely on—do what you can—
Advance you muſt—our Pay increaſe—
Ninepence a Day!—in *War* or *Peace*,
Not for myſelf I urge this Suit,
Thanks to *my Worth*—and friendly Bute,
I'm of the *Quorum*—yearly paid,
Good as the Bank.—This *lurking* Trade,

You

You know it well—is't my Support?

No, no—my Sunſhine's from the Court,

For Fame *alone*—I've leagu'd with you:

That Fund complete—FAREWELL REVIEW.

He paus'd—exhauſted Nature gave,

A ſudden Stop—diſclos'd a grave *.

Confuſion ſat on ev'ry Face,

The GEN'RAL too—ſome marks of Grace,

Some Pity for his hapleſs Fate

Beſpoke—and check'd his riſing Hate—

* The author *cannot but regret* the loſs of their *Chieftain* juſt at *this criſis*, as he had further fuel in his budget—but—*de mortuis nil niſi bonum.*

Grim

—Grim Death—whoſe awful—ſtern—Arreſt
O'ertakes the Bad—the Good—the Beſt,
Here made a Gap———

To-morrow, Friends, attend me here,
Pompoſo ſaid—then *feign'd* a Tear—

The Morrow came—a like Diſplay
Of Sun—as the preceding Day,
Nature in all her Works the ſame.
No jarring Atom—in her Frame
Pure Harmony—conſiſtent all,
Let Kings—or humble Coblers fall.

'Tis

'Tis an ill Wind, our Proverb goes,
The very—very worſt that blows,
Which proves adverſe to *all Mankind.*
Dame Fortune's ever pictur'd blind;
And truly ſo—poor *Guthrie*'s Death,
Who Yeſterday reſign'd his Breath—
A Vacancy—full Captain's rank,
Became at once—an *envy'd* Blank,
Unlike the vet'ran Soldier's Lot,
Whoſe Services are ſoon forgot;
Though in defence of Country's right,
He's bled—in ev'ry dreadful Fight,
But when the Times of Peace are come,
The rude Alarms of Fife—and Drum,

No longer vibrate on the Ear,

He's left, to fatten—upon Air——

Whilſt the raw Stripling from the School,

Mamma's *ſweet Darling*, plays the Fool;

At *George*'s and the *Bedford*-Rout

You'll ſee *its* nightly Strut-about.

Obſerve that *martial* Cock of Hat,

Its *maiden Blade*—but what of that?

High-born are theſe *commiſſion'd Things*,

From Intereſt—Preferment ſprings.

Well—has th' ingenious WOTY ſaid,

"That of all Prigs, whom Faſhion ever bred,

"The moſt diſguſtful—is the Prig *in Red*."

But

But in this *letter'd Corps* you'll ſee,
Succeſſion is—*of courſe* their Plea,
Guthrie remov'd——(Health to the Hour
That ſnatch'd him from his Seat of Pow'r
The *pious Robertſon* exclaims)

" You're *Jehu* now——give me the Reins,
Nor doubt——in ſpite of low'ring Weather,
I'll keep——our *ſhatter*'d Fleet together,
My Predeceſſor's Plan I know,
And as Eſcutcheons daily ſhow *
To Merit——that is *gone* we bend,
Envy herſelf——*may be a Friend*,

* *Poſt funera Virtus.*

His Plan I've mark'd——and will purſue,

A Me probatum eſt——and You——

Then be it known—we *damn*—or ſpare,

Can paint *each* Author, black or fair,

Juſt as *retaining Fees* ſhoal in——

Pray how—is this a *mortal Sin?*——

But—as a Tribute to the Senſe,

(Of our late Captain——taken hence)

I do *inſiſt*——on no Pretence,

That *Edict*——ſhall be laid aſide,

Which yeſterday——with *conſcious Pride*

He urg'd——nor the Advance of Pay,

You muſt——*Sir Mandger*, obey,

Or

Or take yourſelf the Helm for ME,

I'll venture out——no more to Sea;

Lieutenant Thompſon—and myſelf,

Have *various Means*, to glean the Pelf;

Sermons I write——You've read me *once* *,

Compar'd—the *canting* DODD's—a Dunce.

The *well-bred* WARNER † *dares* not vie,

Not at *his club* ‡ ſo great as *I*,

Where all the *Cream* of *Stratford* ſit

To *ſwallow all their Paſtor's wit*,

A true *Right Reverend Politic*.

* A ſingle Faſt-Sermon *it ſeems*——is all the *avowed* literary *Production* of this *Egotiſt*.

† Rev. Doctor of Weſt-Ham, Eſſex.

‡ Kept at the King's-head, Stratford, every *Saturday night*.

My

My Parts I know——your *preſent* Fear——
Retain me——for I'm *worth your Care.*"

At this——the Pedant *Thompſon* roſe,
('Tis fit——he ſhou'd his Mind diſcloſe)
" My Friend (the Captain) well has ſaid,
How can you *pray*——for *daily* Bread,
And not allow——a *Quantum ſuff.*
To thoſe——by whom you richly ſtuff——
Mere *Charity*——a *grateful Heart*——
Shou'd *force* you——to a Chriſtian's Part,
And if you will not bleed your Purſe,
(O! Avarice——thou deadly Curſe!)

I'll

I'll quit your Liſt——determine then,

Or take the Field——without your Men,

A *goodly Figure!*——what Eclat,

Yourſelf a *Fabius* *——by the Law!"——

"Peace, *dear Lieutenant*—ſpare your Wit,

I own *your Fort*, am fairly hit,

(The *Gen'ral* checks)——yes, to content,

I will advance——you ſhan't repent,

Still to your Charge——remain but true,

No Fault—in me—no Plaint—in you——

—But ſoft——the Month ebbs out *amain*,

And April——brings her *fooliſh Train*,

* Maximus——*qui cunctando reſtituit*——*Enn.*

To Quill!——away!——prepare to meet,

Her *firſt Approach*——with *uſual Treat*——

Add to the EDICT—pre-deſign'd,

A *ſpice* of Advertiſement—kind,

Proclaim—a vacancy remains———

That *amply* we'll requite the Pains

Of any Sage—whoſe critic Pate

Aſpires to join our noble—State—

An *Enſign*'s Rank—his firſt Reward,

And afterwards—as *We regard.*

Away!—away!—moſt *worthy Two!*——

The World's a-thirſt for OUR REVIEW."

FINIS.

☞ The Author preſents his *moſt friendly Reſpects* to the *Monthly Beſiegers (of the Mind)* and as he is in *preſent Expectation* of *unmaſking* their Battery too—he promiſes, that he will not fail them of a *ſimilar Attack*———*Pro re natâ.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. UNDERWOOD having had *repeated* proofs that many of the public News Papers are under *ſecret influence* (which has frequently prevented the inſertion of his Advertiſements) takes this opportunity to intimate to his friends in particular, and the public in general, that the publication of the ſecond edition of his Poems, &c. (which, with additions, will make three neat pocket volumes) promiſed to be delivered in the month of *December laſt*, has been *obliged* to be deferred upon account of his *late* indiſpoſition—public notice of which *unavoidable* delay was given in *ſome* of the *papers before* the expiration of December.

Mr. Underwood deſigns the publication of his Poems (if his health permits) about Chriſtmas next; his Propoſals are as follow.

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PROPOSAL

FOR

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, &c.

BY T. UNDERWOOD.

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THIS Work ſhall be handſomely printed in Three neat Pocket Volumes (the ſame type as A WORD TO THE WISE)——Price to Subſcribers Nine Shillings, ſewed, half to be paid at the time of ſubſcribing

CONDITIONS.

g (for which receipts will be given) and the other alf upon delivery. Subſcribers names will be printed, nleſs deſired to the contrary.

N. B. An Epiſtle to THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, Painter at Bath (which repeated Illneſſes have ſo long prevented the publication of) will be included in this Work.

Subſcriptions are taken in by J. Knox, near Somerſet-houſe in the Strand; J. Dodſley, Pallmall; G. Pearch, No. 12. Cheapſide; H. Leake, at Bath; Meſſrs. Hollingworth, at Lynn, Norfolk, &c. by W. Green, St. Edmund's-Bury, Suffolk; and by G. Scott, Printer, Bream's-Buildings, Chancery-lane.

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after the Dutch (which required Miracles here so long
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Green, St. Edmund's-Bury, Suffolk; and by G. Scott,
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